

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO
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(NEWPORT, R. I.)

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Local Matters.

Fourteen Ladies Injured.

Fourteen ladies were injured in a collision between a trolley and a car on the Fall River road. The trolley was carrying a large number of passengers, and the car was carrying a large number of passengers. The collision occurred on the Fall River road, and the ladies were injured. The ladies were injured in a collision between a trolley and a car on the Fall River road. The trolley was carrying a large number of passengers, and the car was carrying a large number of passengers. The collision occurred on the Fall River road, and the ladies were injured.

Many Women Here.

Many women were present at the meeting of the Federation of Women's Clubs. The meeting was held at the city hall, and a large number of women were present. The meeting was held at the city hall, and a large number of women were present. The meeting was held at the city hall, and a large number of women were present.

A Conflagration Risk.

Newport is regarded by the Board of Fire Underwriters as a city of great fire risk. The board of fire underwriters has issued a report stating that the city is a great fire risk. The board of fire underwriters has issued a report stating that the city is a great fire risk. The board of fire underwriters has issued a report stating that the city is a great fire risk.

Wedding Bells.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony. The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony.

Recent Deaths.

Mr. William T. Stevens. Mr. William T. Stevens died at his home in Fall River Monday morning. Mr. William T. Stevens died at his home in Fall River Monday morning. Mr. William T. Stevens died at his home in Fall River Monday morning.

New England.

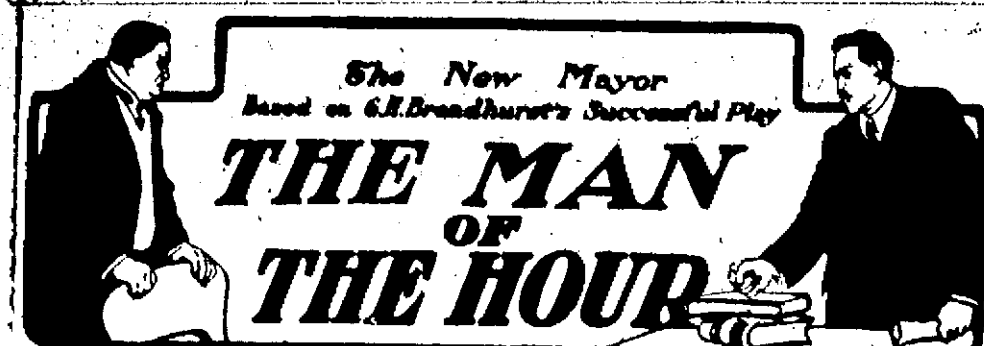
The following poem, written by Harford W. H. Power, Jr., of this city, was awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize at Harvard. The following poem, written by Harford W. H. Power, Jr., of this city, was awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize at Harvard. The following poem, written by Harford W. H. Power, Jr., of this city, was awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize at Harvard.

Base Ball Changes.

The Newport Base Ball team has put up a good ball this year, so far. The Newport Base Ball team has put up a good ball this year, so far. The Newport Base Ball team has put up a good ball this year, so far.

Commandery Outing.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, R. T., Elbert A. Shown, Commander, accompanied by the Newport Military Band, went to Providence Wednesday to assist in the proper celebration of St. John's Day. There were some eight Commanderies present, and the parade made a fine show. Dinner was served at Field's Point and most of the day was spent on Narragansett Bay. The Commandery arrived home at 10.15 by special train over the Newport and Providence Railway.



BY
**ALBERT
PAYSON
TERHUNE**

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GEORGE H. BROADHURST

[CONTINUED.]

"There are two things to take in a time like this, and nobody's too rotten to be of use. I've found there are three things, one of which will always buy any man a woman, ambition or cash. We've tried Bennett on ambition; he doesn't need money, so only the first of the three remains."

"A woman? I don't understand."

"Miss Wainwright."

"But?"

"Listen here. Bennett's in love with Wainwright's niece. You've cut him out. Go and tell him if he'll let our bill alone you'll smash the engagement and have her free to marry him."

"I can't! I hold on, though! Afterward I could deny the whole thing, couldn't I? It'd be his word against mine, and she'd never believe I could do such a thing. I might try."

"Yes," growled Horrihan, "you might. A car that's lost all his nerve can try things that even an ordinary crook would balk at."

But Gibbs did not hear. He had returned to the corridor in search of Bennett. The man scarcely deserved the opprobrium heaped on him by Horrihan. A brilliant, daring operator, he was, unknown to himself, a rank coward at heart. For the first time in his life the cowardice had cropped out, and, to do Gibbs justice, it had driven him temporarily insane. In his normal senses he would never have stooped to the plan he was now so eager to carry out. It was a paralytic bit of action at which a financially drowning man did not scruple to clutch.

Horrihan followed him from the room, his eyes splendidly nerve quite recovered from the crushing blow his hopes had received. He had stalked heavily on the deal. Moreover, in falling, as he knew, meant the wreck of that mighty political prestige he had so long and wearisomely built up. It might even, if Alwyn fulfilled his threat about the votes, lead to graver personal consequences. Yet the bulldog pluck that had carried this man of iron from the gutter to the summit of political power did not desert him, nor did he show the loss of one iota of his customary monumental calm.

Scarcely had Horrihan quitted the room when Perry and Dallas entered it.

"I've could cut the atmosphere in there with a cheese knife," Perry was saying. "Williams doesn't think the Borough bill will come up for half an hour or so. We'd better spend the time till then in here than to stay there and turn our lungs into a microbe zoo."

Dallas did not answer. She sat down by the table and rested her head dejectedly on one little gloved hand. The sight of Bennett, his grave, hopeless appeal to her, the calm, utter despair of his brave face—all these had affected her deeply. Perry noticed with brotherly concern her look and attitude.

"Feeling faint?" he asked.

"No, I'm all right, thanks."

"You look pretty near as blue as Alwyn. He?"

"Don't let's talk of him, please," she begged.

"Why not? He's the whitest chap this side of Whiteville."

"That's what I used to think, but I know better now."

"Then, miss," broke in a voice from the doorway, "you're entitled to another know."

Phelan, who, passing down the corridor, had heard her last words as he reached the threshold, turned into the room.

"Excuse me for buttin' in on a family chat," he remarked, coming forward. "But I'm pretty well posted on his honor's character, an' when I hear any one knockin' him it's me to the hat. What have you got against Mr. Bennett?"

"None of your nicely business," came the answer. "Quit so," says I, an' that's the case. Let's hear all about it."

"Something that underlay the seeming importance of the alderman's blud speech smashed Dallas. On impulse she spoke:

"Mr. Bennett," said she, "is opposin' the Borough bill, knowin' we shall be guinea by the defeat of it. He also said Borough stood about before he announced his veto. What can one think of a man who entices himself at the expense of his friends?"

"Geo," cried Perry, "that's a terrible thing! Bennett's the original man higher up, I'm afraid. It would be his natural to wear the clothes of such a criminal power as himself!"

"Oh, Perry! Don't joke about it! Jugged Dallas. 'Can't you see the serious side of depending on?' We shall be guinea and dependent on!"

"Four thou' not, sister mine!" declared Perry in his best melodramatic manner. "Papers, sayest thou? For be it so! Little Brother Perry will guard thee from the cold, shivery winds of a windy wind. Maybe we can sell violets or start a ragat, cini."

"Don't!" she urged, fanned by his lips.

pany. "You don't understand it."

"As for that story of his honor's sell in' stock short and makin' a pile of cash on his own veto," put in Phelan, genuinely worried, "Horrihan's looked it up an' got enough facts to make him think he can prove it. It's goin' to make Williams tell the whole story to the aldermen tonight. It's a lie, of course, but I'll hurt his honor a bit, an' the worst of it is Bennett refuses to deny it."

"He does, eh?" bawled Perry. "Then I'll do some talking about it. I'll have to fracture a promise I made Alwyn, but I guess it's worth while."

"What do you mean?" queried Dallas in wonder.

"I mean Bennett lent me the money to sell enough stock short to make up for what you and I would lose if the bill was quashed, and he gave me a letter to his own broker. We carried it through, and now you and I stand pat to win whichever way the cat jumps. We're on velvet, thanks to Alwyn."

"He did this for us?" gasped Dallas in amazement. "But why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me misjudge him?"

"He made me promise not to let you know a thing about it, and—"

"Say, youngster," broke in Phelan, "thangin' with excitement, 'you come chasin' along with me into the aldermen's meetin'. I'll have you get up there an' tell what you know. I'll knock that lie of Williams' and Horrihan's so high it'll forget to hit grouse' again. Come on, son! There's sure liable to be hot join's in the meetin' if about eleven o'clock. Come along!"

CHAPTER XVI.

DALLAS left alone in Horrihan's private room, sat at the big table, making no effort to follow her brother and Phelan. A messenger, searching for Horrihan, darted in, looked inquiringly at the motionless, white-faced girl, then passed on to the committee room beyond and on again in his search until the sound of his footsteps died. And still Dallas sat, inert, dumb.

Little by little she was piecing together the facts of the long, miserable complication in the light of what Perry had just told her. It was absurdly easy now that she held the key of the situation. She could understand everything—how Wainwright had put her fortune into Borough stock to influence Bennett; how, failing to move the latter, he had used Alwyn's knowledge of the fact as a weapon against the young man; how Bennett had sought to save her fortune and why he had forbidden Perry to kiss her feelings by telling of the generous act.

"From first to last," she murmured in unhappy confusion, "he has acted honorably and as he thought I would have wanted him to and for my happiness. And I, like the wretched little fool I was, couldn't understand and publicly humiliated him. Oh, if only it weren't too late to—"

A vision of Gibbs flashed before her mind, and she shuddered, realising all that her rash steps had entailed.

"It is too late," she confessed to herself, fighting back the hot tears that seared her eyes. "But at least I can tell him I know and beg his forgiveness and thank him."

The sound of voices in the corridor roused her from her bitter reverie. She sprang up hastily, unwilling that any should see her tear-stained face, but the speakers, though they drew near, did not enter Horrihan's office. Instead, they stepped into the adjoining committee room. The messenger had left ajar the door between the two rooms. Realizing this and not wishing to be seen, Dallas shrunk back toward the wall, fearful of detection. Then the voice of one of the speakers suddenly arrested her notice.

"Well," Bennett was saying in no especially civil tones, "you said you wished to speak to me in private. What have you to say? Be brief, for I am busy."

Finding herself the unwilling witness to what promised to be a confidential talk, Dallas stole toward the door leading to the corridor, but Horrihan, as was his custom, had locked it on going out. She dared not enter alone the crowded anteroom in her present state, so hesitatingly she paused, forced to remain where she was. The sound of another voice chained her to the spot, and, unconscious of eavesdropping, she stood spellbound, bearing every word distinctly through the half-open doorway.

"I—I hardly know how to begin," Gibbs was replying to Bennett's curt demand. "It is a delicate subject and—"

"Then the sooner it is treated to open air the better. Is—"

"You've won the Borough bill fight," began Gibbs.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" "No. You've won, but you've lost far more. You've lost Dallas Wainwright."

"I hardly need to be reminded of that," retorted Bennett. "And it is a subject I don't care to discuss."

"But listen," pleaded Gibbs as the mayor made a move as though to leave the room. "One minute! I say you've won the Borough fight. I've won Dallas. Can't we—"

"Well, what?" asked Bennett, with ominous quiet as he paused in his departure.

"Can't we strike some sort of bargain?" said Gibbs hesitantly.

"Explain, please," ordered Bennett, with that same deceptive calm.

"Why?" came on Gibbs, unbolstered at the other's seeming complacency.

"Suppose you give up this Borough fight and I give up Dallas? I won't be a trick. She doesn't really love me. In her pride, not her heart, she goes

her throw you over and accept me. It is you she loves, and I've known it all along, and you are in love with her."

"What then?"

"Just this," returned Gibbs, wondering at Bennett's quiet reception of the strange offer. "She will marry me because she isn't the sort of girl to go back on her promise, especially since she looks on me as a sort of high-minded martyr to your oppression, so if I hold her to her word she will not back down. Now, if you, even now, withdraw your opposition to the Borough bill will go through. Let it go through, and I will break my engagement to Dallas Wainwright and leave her free to marry you."

"You promise that?"

"Yes!" cried Gibbs, elated, "I promise on my word of honor! Is it a bargain?"

"Gibbs," replied Alwyn slowly, "I didn't think there was so foul a cur as you in all the world. I thought I understood how utterly rotten you were, but I didn't believe there was a man living who could deceive himself as you're just doing."

"But," began Gibbs, in bewilderment.

"Now you'll listen to me for a moment," cut in Bennett, silencing the interruption. "You say I'm in love with Miss Wainwright. It is true. I love her in a way a dog like you could never understand if he tried for a lifetime. I'd give my life for one word of love from her, but I'd sooner go forever without that word than win it by a dishonest deed that would prove me unworthy of her. I asked her to give me a free gift and tried to deserve it. She refused, and I won't try to buy what she won't give me, especially since the price would make me as unworthy of her as you yourself are."

"But you take the wrong view of it. You are, I—"

"I see this much: I'll have to speak plainer to get my view of the case into your vile mind. If ever again you meet me, stand out of my way. Don't speak to me or come where I am, for

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need to marry you!" she stormed. "I let you kiss me. My lips are degraded forever by that touch of yours. I let you speak words of love to me. I broke a brave man's heart for your worthless sake. Oh, the shame—the horrible shame of it all! But I shall thank God on my bedded knees that I have found out the truth before it was too late."

"Too late?" he echoed in horror, his voice rising almost to a scream. "Dallas, you're not going to throw me over? You aren't!"

"Scott Gibbs," she answered quietly, a world of wondering came in her level tones, "you do not even know how vile a thing you are. Now leave me, please. Your presence sickens me."

He tried to speak, but something of the ineffable contempt in her steady eyes silenced him.

Without a word he slunk out of the room and out of her life.

Phelan, aware with amazement for the coiling struggle in the alderman's chamber, darted past through the corridor. The alderman had many duties today, and as the performance of each brought him nearer to his longed-for revenge on Horrihan he was positively beaming with righteous bliss. Dallas caught sight of him.

"Alderman!" she called faintly.

Phelan halted, still in haste to fulfill his mission.

"Could—could I see Mr. Bennett?" she asked, a new timidity transforming her rich voice. "Do you know where I can find him?"

"Is it important? He's pretty busy."

"Very important!" she pleaded. "I must see him at once."

"I'll look him up," agreed Phelan, "but I warn you he's too busy to see you just yet. Suppose you let me take you back to the meeting? Our bill's comin' up in a few minutes now, an' you don't want to miss it. Then I'll scare up his honor for you as soon as he's got a spare minute an' bring you back here to him. Sorry to keep you waitin', but we've got to get on as they started toward the council chamber, but before this session's over all sorts of things are due to explode, an' we ain't hardly at the beginning of the excitement yet. We're goin' to make a Fourth of July celebration in a grand powder factory look like a daisy nuts funeral by the time we're done."

CHAPTER XVII.

"HIS in there!" observed Phelan in high excitement, jerking his thumb toward a door leading off the committee room, "an' I've sent for Wainwright an' Horrihan to meet your honor here. An' I've fixed it so the Borough bill won't come up for ten minutes. Now, all that's left is to touch the punk to the fuse an' set off the whole giddy bunch of fireworks under 'em. Gee, but it's good to 'a' stuck to this old world just for the sake of bein' here today an' seein' what I'm due to see!"

The alderman chuckled, but his jocular anticipation found no reflection in Bennett's white set face. The two were in the committee room, whither Phelan had repaired after depositing Dallas in a chair beside her brother at the meeting and attending to one or two details of greater import.

"Yes," went on Phelan, again nodding mysteriously toward the farther door, "he's in there, trained to the minute for the blowout. There's some one else wants to see you, too—some one who'll make more of a hit with you if I'm not overplayin' my hand. But good news can wait. There's so little of it in this measly life that it generally has to. I—"

From the corridor Horrihan stamped into the committee room, Wainwright at his heels.

"Well," cried the boss defiantly, glaring at Bennett and ignoring Phelan. "You sent for us. What do you want?"

"One moment!" intervened Wainwright. "We are beset. We admit that without argument. So we need waste no time going over details."

"Have you sent for us to say what you'll sell out for?" queried Horrihan, "because if you have you've only to name your price. You've got us where you want us. We're got to pay."

"I should have thought," replied Bennett, with no shade of offense, "you would know by this time that I have no price."

"Then what do you want?"

"Nothing—from you."

"Why did you send word you wanted to see us?" growled Horrihan impatiently as he and Wainwright, uninvited, seated themselves at the table.

"To tell you," answered Alwyn, glancing from one to the other, "that every step you two have taken in this whole infamous transaction from the very first has been carefully followed, and, to use your own phrase, we're got you with the goods!"

"Same old bluff!" commented Horrihan contemptuously, with a reassuring wink at the somewhat less confident Wainwright.

"By tomorrow noon," resumed Bennett, "you will both be indicted on a charge of bribery. Even now there are detectives on the watch for you. Escape is impossible."

"But," sneered Horrihan. "You're no evidence that will indict, and you know it. Even if you had, don't I control most of the judges and the district attorney's office besides? Swell chance you'll have of getting a conviction past that bunch! Bah! You talk like a man made of mud. I suppose it's the affair of those Roberts' votes you're counting on. That don't faze me any. My lawyer can twist that around so it'll look like a charity gift. No, no, youngsters. You'll have to think of something better!"

"And, anyhow," put in Wainwright nervously, "you can't prove any connection on my part. There's nothing against me or—"

"I think there is," retorted Bennett.

wheeling about on the diaphanous. "And even if I can't nail the Roberts bribery to you I've plenty more counts to hold you on."

"All these generalities and vague accusations prove nothing, Bennett," answered Wainwright, drawing courage from Horrihan's colossal calm and speaking with more assurance. "Mr. Horrihan and I are not schoolboys to be scared by baseless threats. This is all guesswork on your part. Come, now, name one specific charge you can prove."

"One will be enough to convince you?" asked Alwyn. "Well, then, how about this as a first guess? Mr. Horrihan's bill of \$200,000 in money and 25,000 shares of Borough stock for agreeing to put through the Borough franchise? For guesswork that doesn't seem to me very bad."

Wainwright's hard mask of a face twitched convulsively, but the steady brain that had carried him unshaken through a thousand risky financial deals came at once to his rescue.

"An excellent guess," he agreed in splendidly feigned amusement, "but unfortunately the courts demand proof before convicting a man, and there is no proof whatever of—"

"Are you sure?" queried Bennett. Turning to Phelan, he added:

"Please ask Mr. Thompson to come in."

The alderman, with an expansive grin, flung open the door of the farther room.

At sound of his secretary's name Wainwright had sprung to his feet and, dumfounded, was leaning heavily on the table, staring across the threshold of the suddenly opened door.

There, framed in the dark doorway, his face deathly pale, his eyes glowing with a strange light as of murder, stood Cynthia's brother.

His presence in the city hall was no mere chance, but the climax of a series of conferences between Bennett, Phelan and himself, dating from the night of the administration ball, when, despite his own resolve, the secretary's hand had been forced by the inquisitive alderman and his identity revealed.

Bennett had been let into the secret next day, and the trio had had a three-hour talk from which Phelan had emerged with the gleeful air of one who had unexpectedly found a \$1,000 bill. Thompson, too, had left that conference with a look of calm, latent satisfaction that transmuted him.

Other conversations had followed, one of them in the presence of notary, stenographer and lawyers. The trap at last was ready to be sprung.

The diaphanous for the first time in his nine-year close association with the secretary met the younger man's gaze without seeing the latter pull in deferential submission. Now he received back look for look from his former abject slave, and it was his own glance that wavered before that concentrated glare of hate.

"Thompson!" he cried, and his voice bore a world of incredulous reproach.

Before him stood the one man on earth in whom Wainwright had ever placed implicit trust; to whom he had confided his gravest business secrets; the man whom he had so shrewdly tested in countless ways and who had proved staunchly incorruptible and loyal.

Harry Garrison.

al, and now Thompson apparently confronted him in the role of traitor—or exultant spy?

"Thompson!" he exclaimed once more, almost with a groan, as the secretary advanced into the room until only the width of the table separated employer and employee.

Then the newcomer spoke for the first time, in an oddly muffled voice, as though fighting desperately for self-restraint.

"No!" he contradicted. "Thompson" no longer. Henceforth I am Garrison."

Wainwright's face grew gray. Breathless, unbelieving, he peered across at the pallid features of his new foe, tracing in them the likeness to the old friend whose ruin and death he had caused. The haunting remembrance that had often vaguely occurred to him when watching Thompson at work now returned in double force. But now, as in a flash, it was explained, and he knew that his secretary spoke the truth.

"Yes," went on Thompson in that same choked, struggling intonation, "I am Harry Garrison. You wrecked my father's life. You drove him to suicide. You blasted his memory. You beguiled his children. I am his son—Harry Garrison. Now do you begin to understand?"

"You see, Mr. Wainwright," interrupted Bennett as the secretary's pent-up rage strangled the words in his throat, "my guesswork has a fairly reliable backing."

But Wainwright did not hear. He still stared, as one hypnotized, into the blazing eyes of the man he had trusted.

"You're—you've played me false!" he managed to gasp at length. "You have!"

"Sure he has!" cut in Horrihan. "What'd I tell you last summer, Wainwright? I said then you were foolish to trust him so. I said he'd stand

against me or—"

"I think there is," retorted Bennett.

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"I think there is," retorted Bennett.

DEATH UNEXPECTED

Grover Cleveland's Death Came
as a Great Shock

AILMENTS OF LONG STANDING

Former President Unconscious For
Some Hours Before He Passed
Away—None of His Children at
His Bedside at the Time

Grover Cleveland, twice President of the United States, died Wednesday at his home, "Westland," at Princeton, N. J., where he had lived since his retirement as the nation's chief executive, almost twelve years ago.

When the end came, which was sudden, there were in the death chamber Mrs. Cleveland, Dr. Bryant of New York, Mr. Cleveland's family physician and personal friend, Dr. Lockwood, also of New York, and Dr. Carmichael of Princeton.

An official statement given out and signed by the three physicians gave heart trouble, superinduced by stomach and kidney ailments of long standing, as the cause of death.

While Mr. Cleveland had been in poor health for the last two years and had lost 100 pounds in weight, his death came unexpectedly. Some three weeks ago he was brought home from Lakewood, where his condition for a time had been such that the hotel at which he was staying was kept open after its regular season because he was too ill to be moved. But when Cleveland returned to Princeton he showed signs of improvement and actually gained five pounds in weight.

Although confined to his room continuously after his return, it was not until Tuesday that Cleveland's condition aroused attention on the part of his wife. Undoubtedly affected by the heat, he showed signs of failure and Mrs. Cleveland called the doctors. During the evening Cleveland seemed to rally, but he became worse during the night and Mrs. Cleveland was called to the bedside of her husband.

The distinguished patient sank into unconsciousness, from which he recovered at times only again to suffer a relapse. This continued throughout the night and early morning. The last time he became unconscious was about two hours before he died. Death was peaceful. Just before he passed away Cleveland sought to say something, but his words were inaudible.

The news of Cleveland's death came as a sudden shock to the people of Princeton, as it did to the people of the rest of the world.

It was not until late in the day that messages of condolence began to come in from all parts of the world to Mrs. Cleveland. One of the first was from President Roosevelt. The president will attend the funeral, which will be held Friday afternoon, in deference to Mrs. Cleveland's wishes it will be as private as possible.

Mr. Cleveland's body will be buried in Princeton cemetery in the family plot, where lie the ashes of Ruth, the eldest of the Cleveland children, whose death was a sad blow to her father.

So unexpectedly did Cleveland's death occur that not one of his four children were at home. They are at the Cleveland summer home at Tamworth, N. H., under the care of Mrs. Perrine, Mrs. Cleveland's mother. Word was sent to them of their father's death. The children are Esther, aged 14; Marion, aged 12; Richard, aged 10, and Francis Grover, aged 5.

Funeral Arrangements
The hour for the funeral on Friday has been fixed at 5 p. m. None of the other funeral arrangements has been definitely decided upon. Only two of the Cleveland children, who are at Tamworth, N. H.,—Esther and Richard—will attend the funeral. They are expected today. Marion and Francis will remain at Tamworth with Mrs. Perrine.

Governor Fort tendered to Mrs. Cleveland the state troops for a military funeral, but the tender was declined. Mrs. Cleveland's expressed wishes being that nothing of a military nature should have a part in her husband's obsequies. Mayor Robinson, however, pointed out to those in charge of the funeral arrangements that the desire for the curious thousands to witness the burial of Mr. Cleveland at close range might cause a scene of confusion at least at the grave.

When the situation was presented to Mrs. Cleveland and the necessity of guarding President Roosevelt against possible harm was pointed out to her she finally consented to the presence of troops to assist in policing the city. As soon as the funeral is over and President Roosevelt leaves, the troops and special police will be withdrawn.

Cleveland's Career
Stephen Grover Cleveland, who long held the position of the only living ex-President of the United States, was born March 18, 1837, in Caldwell, N. J. He was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Richard F. Cleveland. His mother was Anna Neal and he had Scotch, Irish and "Pennsylvania Dutch" blood in his veins, his maternal grandmother having been a Quakeress. He was left an orphan at an early age, and as the fifth of a family of nine children, it devolved upon him to help support the rest. He received an academic education, after serving as clerk in a local store for some years he secured a position as teacher in an institution for the blind.

Returning home at the age of 18, he borrowed \$25 from a friend and set out for Cleveland. But he stopped off at Buffalo to visit a well-to-do uncle. This uncle was preparing a Short Horn Bird book and got Grover to help him with it. The uncle then placed him in a prominent law office, and upon these simple circumstances turned the career which later became so illustrious.

The President's Proclamation
To every naval station and to every government vessel in commission throughout the world, to all United States diplomatic and consular offices in every quarter, have gone forth instructions from Washington for observance of the president's proclamation announcing Mr. Cleveland's death.

There was an innovation at the state department inaugurated to meet modern conditions. This was the telegraphic notification, instead of by mail, to our representative in foreign countries to display flags at half mast for thirty days. This instruction was telegraphed with a view to uniformity in the time of observance.

The orders telegraphed by the war and naval departments direct the halfraising of the colors, the wearing of the badge of mourning until July 25 and the firing of salutes every half hour from sunrise to sunset today, the day of the funeral, at all ports, stations, and on board ship. The salute at military posts will include thirteen guns at dawn and forty-five guns at sunset. The colors in the arms also will be placed in mourning.

In Grateful Remembrance
The Rio Janeiro municipal council, the Brazilian chamber of deputies and the senate have suspended their sessions as a mark of respect for the memory of ex-President Cleveland, whose services to that country are gratefully remembered. Flags on the government buildings are at half mast and a cablegram has been sent to Washington instructing the Brazilian ambassador and the other members of the embassy to attend the funeral.

Diplomatic Relations Severed
Senator Velasco-Gutierrez, the Venezuelan charge d'affaires in Washington, has no idea of demanding his passport as the outcome of the withdrawal of Jacob H. Keizer, the American secretary and charge at Caracas. Keizer is coming home by direction of the state department, and it is admitted in official circles that the act means a cessation of diplomatic relations with Venezuela.

But Little Interest Manifested
A Vermont state prohibition mass convention was held at Thirre, but as there were only about twenty persons in attendance, it was decided not to place a state ticket in the field. The convention, however, elected a permanent state executive committee and conferred upon it the power to name a state ticket on or before July 25.

Gets Off With \$200 Fine
H. W. Hoshan, a clerk in the Waterbury, Me., postoffice who was convicted in the United States court of conspiracy to defraud the government of postage on second-class mail matter with George F. Terry, the Waterbury publisher, who recently paid a fine of \$10,000 for the offense, was fined \$200 by Judge Hale. He paid and was discharged.

"Lord Ashburton" In Custody
Boston police arrested C. F. Richards, alleged to be a notorious criminal with many aliases, and who is said to have posed at various times as "Lord Ashburton" and a member of the British royal family. The arrest was made on a charge of forgery, at the request of the New York police. Richards is 65 years of age.

Cure More Dangerous Than Disease
Mrs. Louise Thompson, a resident of Zion City, the town founded by the late John A. Dowd, died from starvation after a forty-day fast. She is said to have undertaken the ordeal in the belief that it would cure her of cancer. She and her husband are members of one of the numerous cults that exist in Zion City.

Connecticut Prohibits Ticket
At the Connecticut prohibition state convention held at Manchester, the following ticket was nominated: For governor, M. E. O'Brien; lieutenant governor, B. B. Bassett; secretary of state, W. P. Burrows; state treasurer, H. L. Abbey; controller, C. H. Cables; representative-at-large, E. V. Ellis.

Won't Be a Running Mate
Judge Gray would not under any condition accept the Democratic nomination for vice president. A definite announcement to this effect was made by L. I. Handy, who will make the speech at Denver placing the judge in nomination for the presidency, which task he performed four years ago.

Fleet For North Scotland
The London Daily Express announces that the British admiralty has decided next year to organize new divisions of the fleet to be stationed off north Scotland, with a view to guarding the northern entrance, thus bottling up the North sea.

Marines In Evidence In Panama
Cruiser Tacoma has arrived at Colon with eighty marines. In all the American government will have 1250 marines in the canal zone before election day for any service that may be required in preventing fraud and keeping the peace.

City Official Accepted Bribe
F. J. Immel, who recently was ousted from membership of the Columbus, O., board of public service, pleaded guilty to accepting a bribe when in office and was sentenced to four years in prison and to pay a fine of \$1000.

Means Woman's Awful Death
Ida Grove, Ia., June 26.—While temporarily insane, Mrs. Augusta Johnson drowned her four children in the creek at their farm home here. The youngest was 1 year old and the eldest 6. After she had drowned the four children she tried to drown herself, but neighbors rescued her.

Sherman Near Recovery
Cleveland, June 26.—James S. Sherman, Republican vice presidential candidate, has made such rapid progress in recovering from his illness that all thoughts of an immediate operation have subsided. Dr. Carter says there is now no reason to be anxious over his condition.

HARVARD'S HOT PAGE

It Proves Much Too Terrific For
the Yale Varsity Eight

STROKE TAKEN FROM SHELL

Collapse of the Elis' Leader Left
Crew Hopelessly Beaten—Victorious
Crimsons Rowed Last Mile and a
Half of the Race Alone

New London, Conn., June 26.—Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! Harvard! With a deafening din of steam whistles and horns and the frenzied shouts of collegians, the Harvard varsity eight shot their boat over the finish line last night, winning from the crippled and distressed Yale crew that classic of American collegiate aquatics, the Harvard-Yale varsity boat race.

But instead of a race Harvard finished the last mile and a half alone, while far behind Yale limped along with but seven men at the oars, with Griswold, the stroke—the man who had been rolled upon to set the winning pace—bent forward, limp and collapsed with the strain of the opening two miles.

Up to this unexpected climax it had been a stirring struggle with a fitting setting of a magnificent marine spectacle such as has seldom been equalled along a regatta course for brilliancy and imposing magnitude.

The great steel drawbridge spanning the Thames marked the start of the race, with the finish at Red Top, four miles upstream. Just above the bridge were jammed the many bottles of pleasure craft, with myriads of steam yachts, auxiliaries, sloops and schooners, the very pick of the Atlantic pleasure fleet. Further up the course, for fully four miles, stretched long lines of steam and sailing craft of every conceivable description.

Through the maze of craft the racers threaded their way, with a clear course, 200 feet wide, marked every half mile with red and blue buoys—blue for Yale and red for Harvard. Every eye was riveted on the swiftest forms in the boats, their bodies moving rhythmically, their bronzed backs bare to the waists, with the great muscles standing out as they bent to the terrific strain of 20, then 30 and then 34 strokes to the minute. Above the shouts from the onlookers could be heard the shrill voices of the coxswains, megaphones to mouth, stimulating their men and marking time with "one, two, three, four."

Yale had splashed at the start and the Harvard crew had been quick to take this advantage, pushing their boat slightly ahead. They hung nip and tuck, Harvard stamming against Yale pluck, through the roaring avenues of nerve-racked, screaming thousands.

Half a mile from the start both crews were almost side by side, with Harvard only a few feet to the fore; one mile, Harvard still ahead with Yale holding on doggedly; two miles, Yale surging and lessening the gap; two and a half miles, Harvard still in the lead, with open water between the boats and Yale fighting like grim death.

Now came the decisive moment, with the final stretch almost in sight and the breathless throngs straining to see if Harvard would keep up the clip or would weaken at the close. Steadily on they came, when suddenly a commotion was observed in the Yale boat, as Griswold, the stroke, hung forward over his oar and ceased to row.

For nearly a minute the Yale stroke sat motionless, leaning forward as if lifeless. Then he was seen to straighten up and bend to his oar again, and a great shout went up from the Yale cohorts, as their crew was seen to pick up the stroke and rally for another effort. But they were now six boat lengths behind, hopelessly beaten.

Another twenty strokes and Griswold was seen to collapse again, and then the whole crew, disheartened at the fall of their leader, quit their work and sat dejected at their oars. Yale was out; it was no longer a race, and Harvard swung home alone, still keeping up their racing clip and crossing the finish line with a regular "swish-swash" to the very end.

As Harvard sped across the line, "boom, boom" and "toot, toot" went up in a deafening chorus from the myriad craft, while from bank to bank rolled a chorus of Harvard yells and from every truck and mainmast broke out the triumphant crimson and a bewildering mass of kaleidoscopic color.

Griswold had been helped from the Yale boat, and, lagging far behind the Harvard men, the seven remaining rowers of the Yale crew at last made their appearance at the finish—a half mile behind Harvard, receiving a generous ovation for their pluck under such disheartening conditions.

Earlier in the day honors were divided, the Yale four defeating the Harvard four by two lengths and the Harvard freshmen eight defeating the Yale freshmen by three lengths.

Suffragettes' New Move
London, June 26.—Convinced that their recent tactics have failed to persuade Premier Asquith to accelerate the legislative machine in their favor, the suffragettes project another novel demonstration next Tuesday. While a deputaion will seek an interview with Asquith, it is the intention to surround the house of commons with a cordon of suffragettes which will, the suffragettes say, number at least 100,000.

Ballot Box Stuffing Charged
New York, June 26.—With the practical close of the actual recounting of the ballots cast in the last majority election, came charges by Clarence J. Shearn, counsel for W. R. Hearst, that ballot boxes had been stuffed. As the recount stands Hearst has made a net gain of 863, leaving a plurality of 2971 for Mayor McChesney.

FIRED BULLETS AT BALLOON

Charge Against Two Men Under
Arrest at Brattleboro

Brattleboro, Vt., June 26.—Charged with assaulting Charles J. Gidden, the automobile and balloon enthusiast, with a rifle with intent to kill, while Gidden was traveling over Brattleboro in a balloon with Leo Stevens last Friday, William Murphy, aged 30, and Charles Higman, aged 33 years, of this city, were placed under arrest last night.

The charge was made on complaint of Attorney General Fitts, who personally gave his attention to the complaint made to him by Gidden and Stevens. A reward of \$100 was offered by Stevens for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties.

According to Gidden, two bullets were fired at the balloon, apparently from a white linen hundreds of feet below. The time of the shots and the exact location of the balloon were noted by the aeronauts. One bullet grazed the balloon, leaving a scar. The second bullet passed completely through the balloon, and it became necessary for the balloonists to descend. Owing to the small diameter of the hole the gas in the balloon did not escape rapidly enough to endanger the lives of the occupants by the descent.

Had the bullets struck the basket or the balloon been ripped by the bullets fatal results might have followed. This is the second time in the east that a balloon has been fired at, and the Aero clubs have besought the officials to push the investigation and prosecution of such cases.

Fortis Win in War Game
Boston, June 26.—A complete vindication of the invulnerability of the defense of Boston harbor was theoretically proven last night, when hostile forces directed attacks on three of the forts of the harbor and were all repulsed with great loss. Fortis Heath, Strong and Revere were the winners in the first actual assaults which have been made since the war game opened Sunday.

To Close For Two Months
Ware, Mass., June 26.—The employees of the O. E. Stevens & Co. woolen mills have been notified that the mills will shut down July 1 for a period of two months. The management gives as a reason the dull market. The mills employ about 200 hands.

Merchant Burned to Death
New York, June 26.—Dederick D. Gristede, 50 years old, was burned to death this morning in his warehouse, on East One Hundred and Tenth street. He was a member of the firm of Gristede Bros., proprietors of a chain of a dozen grocery stores in Harlem. The firemen thought everyone had gotten out of the building, but when washing down the ruins came upon the burned body of Gristede.

June Bug's Performance
Hammondsport, N. Y., June 26.—The most successful flight yet made on the testing grounds of the Aerial Experiment association here was made by G. H. Curless in his June Bug aerodrome No. 3. Under his guidance June Bug flew 1140 yards, more than three-fifths of a mile, in just sixty seconds. All that stopped the flight was the limited area of the practice ground.

Ball Cartridges For Maneuvers
Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., June 26.—As a matter of form, just before the Fifth brigade left to take up their position in the military training camp maneuvers being held here, the ammunition of the men was inspected. There was astonishment when some ball cartridges were found in some handollers. The cartridges must have been obtained at the ranges.

BABY TORTURED FOR 6 MONTHS

By Terrible Itching Eczema—Face
and Head a Solid Sore—Spread
to His Hand and Legs—Would
Scratch Until He Bled—Tiny Sufferer
Immediately Relieved and

ENTIRELY CURED IN 2
MONTHS BY CUTICURA

"When my son Walter was three weeks old, eczema appeared on his face. We did not know what it was so we went to a doctor who treated him for three months. Then he was so bad that his face and head were nothing but one solid sore and his ears looked as if they were going to fall off, so we tried another doctor. He said he could cure him and we



desisted three four months, the baby never getting any better. His head and hands had big sores on them and as for his legs, we could not think of it, the poor little fellow suffered so terribly. First I tied his hands to the crib to keep him from scratching, but when it got so bad I tied him in a sheet or he would scratch himself all bloody. When he was seven months old we tried a lot of Cuticura Remedies. The first application of Cuticura to his skin made him feel well, in one week the sores were gone but it stayed red and sometimes it would itch so we used Cuticura for two months, then he had a clear and white face. Now he is two years and seven months old and has never had eczema again. I hope this letter will help some who are suffering from skin disease. Every mother who has a baby suffering with skin disease should just try Cuticura; there is nothing better. Mrs. Louis Beck, R. F. D. 2, San Antonio, Tex., Apr. 15, '07."

A single set of Cuticura Remedies is often sufficient to cure torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, and scaly humors, eczemas, rashes, and irritations, from infancy to age, when all other remedies fail.

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IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDDING

OUR SUPPLY OF
SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

The favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

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143. Thames Street, Phone 1133

The Leading Millinery House.

Hats in Straw, Hair, Java & Jap.

The Most Complete Line of
FINE TRIMMED HATS,

GREAT SELECTION.

Specialties in
CHILDREN'S HATS.

Everything in MILLINERY found here at
POPULAR PRICES.

Pocahontas Pittston
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NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

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Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date
House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or
Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR
MONTH.

Apply to
CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rooms, 25 cts. Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WHEELER, Prop.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACITIONIST

—AND—
Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. KEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescription that were on file at Keith & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repair of all kinds. Quicker prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN.

Real Estate Agent

His Overthrow.

Dean always half-laughed, half-growled "Nothing doing!" whenever the question of matrimony, as applied to him personally, came up.

He decided to ensure his friends when one by one they bowed their heads to the yoke, for he said that if a man in possession of a sane mind wanted to make an idiot of himself it was his own business and he had a perfect right to do so. He preserved a complacent though pitying aloofness, sent expensive wedding presents and sought out fresh friends who could be depended on for an evening at the club without yearning eyes turned upon their homes.

He was always getting himself disliked for thoughtless promulgation of his theory when among friends. Fluffy young creatures, with trusting eyes and marvelous pompadour, who previously had cast speculative glances at the blonde features, usually tilted their noses haughtily and abandoned him to his fate after he had launched forth his opinion of the galling bond of matrimony.

Possibly this was because each one desired to inscribe her calling cards with the name of Mrs. Ernest Dean; still, it rather takes away from the flavor of the game to smile upon a man who one knows never, by any possibility will gaze on one, save in an impersonal and disinterested manner. Older and more experienced young women, who suspected that he might be talking just for the sake of talking, finally concluded also that he really believed what he said, and so sought other fields to conquer.

So accustomed had Dean become to being eyed reproachfully, surprisedly, indignantly, that he experienced a distinct shock the evening he met Serena Hubert the second time.

As he lazily watched the cigar smoke curling upward—it was after an informal dinner—he said apologetically for some remark. "It served him right for getting married, anyhow!"

Serena merely continued to lean back languidly among the cushions of the divan and to smile agreeably. "It does indeed," she murmured calmly. "I can never understand this idea that matrimony means happiness. People situated like you and like myself, for instance, are the only wise ones!"

Dean let his cigar slip from his paralyzed fingers, as he stared at her vivid face. "Do—do you really think that?" he half stammered.

Serena laughed. "Of course I do," she said. "It's all foolishness!"

Dean stepped over and recovered his cigar.

"Yes, of course," he murmured. "That's always been my theory."

"And you are quite right," Serena assured him. "I am glad to meet a man with enough sense and brains to recognize the fact and not be afraid to stand by his colors."

She smiled at him sweetly and Dean forgot what she said in observing the delicate contour of her face and how lovely her color was. Then he reassured himself by saying that he so enjoyed meeting a sensible girl, who could be turned to without demanding a token of the personal in the conversation. He said it was unusual.

"But then," Serena replied, "you are an unusual man, Mr. Dean."

"Not in the least!" cried Dean, gratified, yet protesting.

He sat, talking with Serena, till his house came and he was forced to leave her. He lost his good temper till he got hold of a man who could tell him to call on Serena, because he had totally forgotten in his absorption the evening of the dinner, to ask her if she might come. He took her to the theatre and then he was asked to a chaffing dish supper.

Through it all Serena listened on complimenting him on his well known views against wife and home. She elaborated on the subject. She agreed with his remarks before he made them, and if he did not make them she cleverly put them into his mouth and he spoke them helplessly. He began to have a strange reluctance to hear them for of a sudden he was tired of their iteration.

An awful fit of the blues descended on him and he hid himself in a room for a week. Each time he called on Serena in the hope of being cheered up by the society of a person so thoroughly in accord with his own views he came away feeling worse. It was an awful thing to hear a fair young girl at all things to believe that she should never marry, but should devote her life to being free and happy.

"And if she could not be equally free and happy if she married?"

Dean found himself muttering one evening as he left her.

Serena was eminently fitted to make some home happy, he had to admit. It was not right for a woman to decide so lightly the institutions of life.

Finally, one evening, when he was particularly down hearted, he could restrain himself no longer.

"Stop it," he told Serena. "I don't like to hear you say such things! Of course you'll marry somebody. I wish—I wish there was a show for me! Couldn't you—would you, think of marrying me, Serena?"

"Well," murmured Serena, "maybe I am foolish to have such views. I—I'll think about it, Ernest, of course, I am so surprised and startled!"

Nobody but the mirror across the room saw the flashing little smile she gave herself as Dean sighed in an immense relief that disappointed the cloud of blues which had hovered over him for days.—Chicago News.

Conceded Fitness.

The Cruelty of War.

The Fate of the Mindanao by Cannon and Fire.

From "Three Years Behind the Guns" in June, 1905.

It is part of war's destruction. "When unable to capture, spike your enemy's guns." The poet at Cavite was equipped with a battery of the latest improved Krupp cannon, every one of which we wound with a bandage of punctation. Guncotton looks just like embers sugar strung on copper wire. When each gun had a string of it around its middle, we watched on the current and the deed was done. They were effectively choked, resembling long rolls of butter that had been gripped between the thumb and finger, leaving an unrelenting depression. Of course it was a shame and a pity, just as it was a pity and a shame to treat the Mindanaos as we did.

She was a beautiful transport, fresh from Spain, her cargo still aboard, and during the battle she had been run up on the shoals off Las Pines and abandoned. That very day, before the sun had set, as if our engines were playing "Behold El Capitan!" we steamed out and our forward turret sent two 8-inch shells full length, clean through and through her, then whirled majestically and repeated the salute from our aft turret.

In the morning she was still there, and we sent the little Concord out to set her on fire. She burned for a week, and I never looked toward her devouring flames without wondering how much provision they were consuming; but we are obeying orders. They distinctly read, "Engage and destroy."

Grant's Last Days.

One who follows Dr. George F. Shrader's memories of "General Grant's Last Days" through the pages of "The Century" will feel a sympathetic and intimate acquaintance with a brave, gentle, kindly character, who proved himself a true hero in his fight for life—in one of the hardest battles a brave man was ever called upon to fight. The concluding chapters of these memories, in the July Century, tell the sad story of the last weary days at Mount McGregor.

Musical Memories.

The chapters of "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in the July Century will deal mainly with her memories of interesting musical events and notable musicians in the early nineties when she visited Bayreuth, and met Siegfried Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, and many other people of musical note, and knew Palestrina in his first successes. These memories, with addition to the chapters appearing in the Century, will be published in book form in the autumn.

A couple of city men were playing golf when they saw an old gentleman looking at them wistfully. They asked him to join the game, which he did with alacrity. He was mild in speech and manner and played well. But once when he made a foolish blunder, he ejaculated vehemently the word, "Assonant!"

A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated: "Assonant!"

The fourth time he said this one of the new-made friends said:

"I do not want to be inquisitive, but will you tell me why you say 'Assonant' so often?"

"Well," said the old gentleman, "that's the biggest damn in the world!"

He was a twentieth century bustling builder, and under his auspicious coattails and buildings seemed to spring up like mushrooms.

"Please, sir," said one of his foremen, rushing up to him one morning in a state of mental collapse, "one of the new houses has fallen down in the night."

"What!" he roared. "You mean to say that one of my well-built, desirable residential houses has come to grief? Ah, I suppose you took the scaffolding down before you put on the wall paper!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what can you expect, you talk outsider! Call yourself a foreman! Get off the works! You're sacked!"—London Globe.

Some has many English visitors just now. One English lady interested in the little boys who deliver the wares of the pastry cooks, said to a little fellow who had brought her some cakes, "Ah, I suppose you get the benefit in one of these cakes yourself sometimes?"

"What does madam mean?" asked the boy.

"You eat a cake now and then?"

"Eat them? Oh, no, madam; that would do. I only lick 'em as I come along."—Tatler.

"Yes," said the aufratist on the platform, "women have been wronged for ages. They have suffered in a thousand ways."

"There is one way in which they never suffered," said the week-looking man, standing up in the rear of the hall.

"What way is that?" demanded the enigmatist.

"They have never suffered in silence."

Lady Applicant—I see, sir, that you advertise for a partner, and as sex wasn't mentioned I called to—

Merchandise—Pardon me, madam, but I thought the question of sex was quite covered. My advertisement calls for a silent partner.—Beecher Transcript.

"This is the age of steel," said the after dinner speaker.

"Permit me to suggest," interrupted the chairman courteously, "that for the benefit of the reporters present you spell that last word."—Phila. Ledger.

"Yes; be used to consider her very graceful and dainty."

"And doesn't he now?"

"No. I believe he saw her eating asparagus the other day."—Phila. Press.

Mrs. Hinkle—Would you like to come to church with me this morning? You may sit in my pew if you like.

Mrs. Jukes—Sorry, my dear, but my hat isn't trimmed for that side of the church.—Judge.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives? He—And how many men owe their wives to their success in life?

Maud, is that young man gone yet? The Daughter—Yes, papa, he says he is.—Cleveland Leader.

CABIN—You and Your Always Sweet

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend hurrying to a most tremendous boom with his car trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud—"why contend against natural advantages?"

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

PECULIAR ACCIDENTS.

The "Irony of Life" Illustrated in Stories of Falls.

The "irony of life" was strikingly illustrated recently in the news of a rustic who slipped from a six barred gate and broke his neck and of an Italian mountaineer who fell 1,000 feet with his collapsed balloon with no worse result than a sprained ankle.

A Frenchwoman, Mme. Morel, and her daughter, while climbing in the Alps, near Zermatt, fell a distance of 1,200 feet, not much less than a quarter of a mile, and although the mother was killed on the spot, her daughter escaped with a few bruises. Mr. Whympy, the famous mountaineer, had a similarly miraculous deliverance from what seemed to be certain death when scaling the Matterhorn. Losing his footing, he fell from rock to rock to the bottom of a precipitous gully, 100 yards in depth, only to recover his feet with no worse damage than a badly cut head. And M. Parville, a French writer, tells the story of an East Indian living in the island of Oghia who fell over a precipice 1,000 feet deep with no more serious consequence than a good shaking, his fall being broken by the dense vegetation which grew at the foot of the cliff.

While climbing a waterworks tower 240 feet high in Chicago a steeple-jack dislodged a loose stone and was precipitated to the ground from a height of 175 feet, fortunately striking telegraph wires forty feet above the street and thus breaking his fall. The spectators gasped with horror as they saw the man drop swiftly to destruction. A rush was made to pick up his shattered remains only to discover that he was practically unharmed. Not a bone was broken, and a week later he was walking about as if nothing had happened.

More remarkable and indeed almost incredible was the experience of Charles Woolcot when he was making a parachute descent in Venezuela. At a height of 3,000 feet Woolcot hung himself off his balloon into space, when, to the horror of the thousands of onlookers, the parachute failed to open. The man dropped like a stone with terrible speed until, when about 200 feet from the earth, the parachute flew open and at once collapsed. He was dashed to the ground, his right thigh and hip were broken, both ankles and knees were badly crushed, and his spinal column was dislocated, and yet, after a year spent in hospital, Woolcot was restored to soundness of limb after the most terrible adventure of which any man has lived to tell the story.

But it is in the history of ballooning that one encounters the most remarkable cases of sensational drops from the clouds. When Mr. Wise, a famous aeronaut of the early nineteenth century, was once making an ascent his balloon exploded at an altitude of 13,000 feet and began to drop swiftly to the earth, more than a couple of miles below. The descent at first was rapid. Mr. Wise writes, "and accompanied by a fearful moaning noise caused by air rushing through the network and the gas escaping from above. In another moment I felt a slight shock, and looking up to see what caused it, I discovered that the balloon was canting over, being nearly doubled in, the lower half into the upper."

The balloon had, in fact, formed itself into a parachute and, oscillating wildly, continued its descent until it struck the earth violently, throwing the aeronaut ten yards out of the car. "The car had turned bottom upward, and there I stood," says Mr. Wise, "congratulating myself and the perspiration rolling down my forehead in profusion."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Just Satisfied Himself.

People of all sorts weigh themselves on the penny in the slot machines found widely distributed in public places, but never before had this man, anyway, seen anybody weigh on one of them anything but himself or herself as this weigher, a woman, did in a subway station.

She came in carrying in one hand a muff and in the other a box of polka-dot cake that was narrow and proportionately high and maybe a foot in length. That the box was heavy was shown by the fact that the leather handle had been stretched somewhat by its weight.

And apparently its present carrier had found it heavy and was curious about its weight, for now she set the box on the platform of one of those weighing machines and dropped a penny in the slot. It weighed ten pounds, certainly a heavy box to carry. That was all she wanted to know—didn't weigh herself. She just picked the box up again, this time with a smile, and went aboard the train.—New York Sun.

The Amoeba.

The amoeba (Greek "change"), the supposed pioneer in the line of living forms, is a naked mass of living matter, or protoplasm, flowing out in all directions in "blunt processes," and the endlessly varying form has earned for the simple animal the popular name of "amoeba" (Proteron animalculae). They are all minute, but some are distinctly visible to the unaided eye. The jelly-like creature flows along the surface of stone or plant by the slow protrusion of its ever changing processes and in this way gets around its food. It is all stomach, any part of it taking hold of and digesting the food that happens to come in contact with it. On attaining its maximum size the amoeba draws itself out and breaks into two daughter amoebas, each of which contains half of the mother nucleus. This simple organism seems to exhibit in small compass the usual animal functions. It feeds, secretes, grows and reproduces itself.—New York American.

Why, Indeed?

Robert Lowe once watched a deaf friend hurrying to a most tremendous boom with his car trumpet. "Why," Lowe wondered aloud—"why contend against natural advantages?"

Silver is of less value than gold, gold than virtue.—Horace.

HARMONY OF OHIO.

CONTINUED.

The fact that Harmon had been left off and was not to receive his sheepskin did not draw on the audience till near the close of the exercises. It was a mean and small way of getting even and created an uproar of protest. "Harmon, Harmon!" went up the shouts from all sides, and in the midst of the tumult the faculty completed the ceremony and fled out through a side door. Thereupon the student body and alumni hastily convened and passed resolutions after the good old American way. Whenever two or three Americans get a grievance there is the resolution in the midst of them. They as naturally run to "whereases" and "and/or" as an Italian vendetta does to silletos or an Irish fair to shillabubs.

The Denston students and alumni resolved that Jud Harmon should be graduated without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation on earth. The faculty refused. The students thereupon resolved to strike, boycott the institution and to do all the dire things that could suggest themselves to an excited body of young men. This made a dent in the faculty, and after some further "whereas" and "resolving" consent was given that Harmon might graduate.

The next day when the ceremony was to take place the student body got out a brass band, formed a procession, escorted Harmon to the hall like a conquering hero and after he received the coveted sheepskin "bala-valet" all the rest of the day and into the beginning of the next. The spirit of the Declaration of Independence got in its work on that student body in fine style.

What chance had a mere board of college trustees before a force that had walked all over kings and thrones? With such a start in life there is no wonder that Jud Harmon's friends think he is endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and the right to run for president.

One of the Home Guard.

It was shortly before this stirring revolt against the tyrant that young Harmon had his war experiences. Having martial ardor and being a preacher's son do not go together. Young Harmon found it so, and when he would a soldier he discovered that the first enemy he would have to whip was his father. Not caring to gain military renown in such a hard way, he relinquished his dreams. He did run away from home, however, to join the home guard, that gallant body which went to repel Generals Kirby Smith and John Morgan. Like the king of France, the home guard marched up the hill and then marched down again. Unlike Caesar, it came, it saw, it scamped.

After participating in this valiant feat at arms young Harmon had an actual warlike bout with his father. In this celebrated battle the weapons were slung, and only one side was armed. The late member of the home guard was totally and disastrously defeated, after which he was bound off to school. The warlike spark was not entirely quenched, but it had to blaze into eloquence rather than into valor. Young Harmon made one speech on the college campus which was so filled with fiery patriotism it is remembered to this day. Bryan is not the only boy orator.

Like all Ohio men and some others, Mr. Harmon is an optimist. It is harder to be an optimist now than it was six months ago, but so far as heard from Judge Harmon is still sticking. That eminent but intermittent Cincinnati, William Howard Taft, is likewise an optimist. All men are who weigh over 300 pounds.

One thing in Judge Harmon's favor is his name—it is so much like harmony. If there is one thing the Democratic party "long has sought and mourned because" it "found it not," that one thing is harmony. If a radical is nominated, the conservatives knife him; if a conservative is nominated, the radicals knife him, and if a betwixt and between man is nominated they jump on him both ways from the middle.

Judge Harmon is even more of an athlete than President Roosevelt. He has a hand and foot as big as Jeffries and lifts almost as hard. He is also a good shot and, while he does not hunt bears with a brass band, is not without fame as a Nimrod. That is one of the things that recommended him to President Cleveland.

Mrs. Harmon was a Miss Scobey, daughter of a prominent physician of Hamilton, O. She is as large and fine looking for a woman as Judge Harmon is as a man and has the same conservative ideals and tastes. They have three daughters, all of whom are popular in Cincinnati and Washington.

Personally Judge Harmon is not worried about his prospects of becoming president. He is convinced, as are some others, that this is not a good year for conservatives, but he is ready, as he ever has been, to stand up for his principles.

Not Surprised.

Skipper—I am inordinately sensitive to uncongenial surroundings, so much so that the very sight of some people will give me a nervous shudder. Chipper—Oh, well, there are very few of us that do not shrink from meeting our creditors.

No Hitch.

"How did the wedding come off to-day?"

"Without a hitch."

"Glad to hear it."

"I said without a hitch. The bride backed out at the last minute."

Not Written.

"How do you write 'born'?" asked the teacher of a small boy at the blackboard.

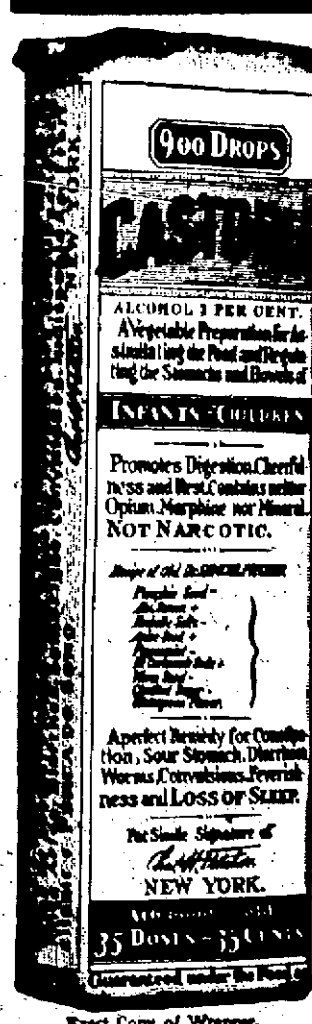
"A born isn't written at all," answered the little fellow. "It's blowed."

—Exchange.

Like a Bicycle.

"What does the doctor say is the matter with Mirandy?"

"He says she has pneumatic tendencies and that she is threatened with spiral trouble."—Baltimore American.



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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature
of
Dr. J. C. Hatcher
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
The Sufferer's Friend, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 per cent less than our regular prices. This is an order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,
184 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Seaboard Air Line, Ry.

SHORTEST LINE TO

FLORIDA and

SOUTHWEST

DIRECT ROUTE TO

Pinehurst, Camden,

Jacksonville

and all Florida Resorts.

Through Pullman trains without extra fare. Dining cars. Direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourists' tickets on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or steamer and rail, allowing stop-over privileges.

For booklets on winter resorts and schedules of trains apply to

CHAS. L. LONGHORE, N. E. P. A. 37

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Block Island and Providence.

POPULAR NEW SHORE AM.

Leave Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a. m. Sundays, 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island on week days, 1.15 p. m. On week days, 1.30 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island on week days and Sundays, 3.30 p. m. Due Newport, 5.15 p. m.; Providence, 7.15 p. m.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

S. G. WILSON, Agent, Newport.

F. G. COLEY, A. G. P. A., New York.

64-11

Lord Palmerston and Sir J. Paget, who told the story, were walking down Bond street. A man came up and saluted the statesman.

"How do you do, Lord Palmerston?"

"Ah, how do? Glad to see you. How's the old complaint?"

"The stranger's face glowed over and he shook his head. 'No better.'"

"Dear me; so sorry glad to have met you. Good by."

"Who's your friend?" asked Sir James when the stranger was gone.

"No idea."

"Why, you asked him about his old complaint."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the other unconcernedly; "the old fellow's well over sixty; bound to have something the matter with him."—Mobile Register.

Judge Norton was solemn, stern and dignified to excess. He was also egotistical and sensitive to ridicule. Judge Nelson was a wit and careless of decorum. He did not like Judge Norton. At a bar supper Judge Norton in an elaborate speech, referring to the early days of Wisconsin, described with tragic manner a thunderstorm which once overtook him in riding the circuit. The scene was awful, "said" said the judge, "I expected every moment the lightning would strike the tree under which I had taken shelter."

"Then," interrupted Nelson, "why in thunder didn't you get under another tree?"—Phila. Ledger.

It is related that a woman who visited the British Museum recently said to an attendant:

"I have been looking about for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you no skull of Cromwell here?"

"No, madam," the attendant answered.

"How very odd!" she exclaimed: "They have a fine one in the museum at Oxford."

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature

Dr. J. C. Hatcher

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Material questions must be clearly stated. 4. While answers are given the date of the query, the number of the query and the signature, if desired, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1908.

NOTES.

BARNEY LANDS FROM OLD NEWPORT RECORDS.

JONATHAN BARNEY'S PROPERTY.—Whereas ye purchasers and proprietors of the lands of Newport after they had allotted & laid out & settled themselves and each of them in ye lands purchased to be & remain to each of them their heirs and assigns forever a Sure Estate of Inheritance in the Simple there being some lands remaining belonging to them in General did by a unanimous consent agree in ye year 1641 and order ye after three hundred acres more were laid out to accommodate such as they saw cause to accommodate at ye time ye remaining part of said land then undivided should be and remain perpetual common to those ye were accommodated with ye land above, to them & their heirs forever & whereas ye said purchasers & proprietors their heirs & assigns did by their voluntary acts unanimously consent in ye year 1701 agree to take in ye above said undivided land to divide ye same amongst themselves as may be seen by their order & agreement dated March ye twelfth 1702, THESE WITNESSETH ye Jonathan Barney & His heirs forever was laid out five acres of land bounded north on Weaver's land East on John Gould's South and West on ye highway, being his full proportion on shore Given forth January ye fifth 1702 by act of Committee for the said.

Nathl. Coddington Clerk.

Partition Deed.—Inventory of partition, between Benjamin Barney of Scituate in ye Island of Nantucket, Taylor, Jonathan Barney of Newport, R. I., Cooper, and Jacob Barney, of Newport, Mariner, owners of several lots in Newport, to be divided as follows:

To Benjamin Barney:
One lot of land with dwelling house, bounded south on Griffin street, 120 feet; east on lot belonging to Jacob, 50 feet; north on lot to be divided to Jacob, 120 feet; west on a street, 50 feet.

Also to Benjamin:
One lot bounded south on Griffin street, 120 feet; east on lot of John Barney, 120 feet; north on lot to be laid out, 120 feet; west on lot to be divided to Jonathan Barney, 120 feet. (120 feet is dead, but evidently an error.)

To Jonathan Barney:
One lot of land on Griffin street, bounded east on street, lot divided to Benjamin, 120 feet; north on street to be laid out, 50 feet; west on lot to be divided to Jacob, 120 feet.

Also to Jonathan:
One lot bounded south on — to be laid out, 60 feet; east on lot belonging to Capt. Charles Whitfield, 106 feet; north on lot of Job Almy, 79 feet; west on lot to be divided to Jacob, 165 feet.

To Jacob Barney:
One lot of land, bounded west on a street, 50 feet, and 50 feet on first lot bounded to Benjamin, south on first of Benjamin's lot, 120 feet; east on first of Jonathan's lot, 120 feet; north on street to be laid out, 120 feet.

Also to Jacob:
One lot, bounded on street to be laid out, 50 feet; east on second lot given to Jonathan, 106 feet; north on Job Almy's land, 79 feet; west on John Coddington's land.

Dead Patent September 27, 1720; given to Capt. 20, 1720, recorded May 21, 1720; signed by Benjamin, Jonathan and Jacob Barney.—E. M. T.

Waltham. The members of the Methodist Episcopal Church will entertain the Social Union on Tuesday evening, June 30, at the town hall. Owing to a lack of convenient facilities, the usual supper will not be served, but light refreshments will be given at the close of the evening's program. The speaker of the evening will be Professor Dallas Lowe Sharpe, of the Boston University.

Mr. Frank Sherman of Honeyman Hill, is introducing a peculiar breed of geese in this locality known as the "Spanish Alapies." They are pure white, and while resembling the ordinary species are of a Texas breed of mixed race.

Through the kindness of Mr. Wm. E. Hunter, a picnic at Third Beach was enjoyed by the combined school children of the Peabody and Weymouth on Friday, the last day of school.

Mr. L. E. Payson and family of Washington, D. C., have arrived at their summer cottage on the corner of Blount's Pond and Green End Ave. for the season. Mrs. Jacob Ward and her wife, Miss Elsie Ward, who have been occupying the cottage during the winter, have removed to Newport for the summer.

During the past six months much has been done in the field of science on the island of Rhode Island. An extensive bank will be built, with a view, a stone bridge, and the house has been equipped with all modern improvements including the installation of electricity. The property is owned by a daughter of the late William Fane, of Weymouth.

Mr. James P. Conover and family of Concord, N. H., arrived last week at their cottage on the island of Rhode Island.

The Parish of the Holy Trinity, in the city of Newport, is holding a Gray Glee Club, through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McCallister, on Wednesday, July 1st.

During the summer of 1907, the children of the island of Rhode Island

supper given by the ladies of Holy Cross Guild at the Guild House in the evening was not so large as had been anticipated.

The annual "Children's Day" exercises were observed at the town hall on Sunday by the members and children of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening an especially prepared program was presented, the music being in charge of Mr. Brown. As is customary on this day, the offering taken in for educational purposes, the East Greenwich Academy being especially mentioned.

Miss Gladys Brown, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Brown of "Whitehall" and Miss Edith M. Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ellen A. Peckham, graduated on Friday last from the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence, having taken the general course of two and a half years. They were graduates of the class of '03 Rogers High. Miss Brown has been teaching in Plainfield, N. J., since February first and Miss Peckham in Cranston.

With a view of ascertaining what may need to be done in regard to school matters in a rapidly growing locality like the district surrounding the Peabody School, a recent census was taken, which showed a total of 110 children from birth to the age of 16, 67 are Portuguese, 42 Americans, and 1 Swede.

Rev. H. N. Jeter, D. D., pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church, is making a determined effort to raise sufficient money to free his church from debt. The amount that he is endeavoring to raise is \$3,800, which, with the \$400 on hand, will clear the mortgage of \$1,500 on the church, mortgage of \$200 on the parish house and a floating debt of \$600. A special programme of services will be held during the week of July 19, at which a number of the clergymen of Newport and elsewhere will take part. Dr. Jeter has been pastor of the church since 1875 and during that long term of service has accomplished a great deal of good for his people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen Moore sail for Europe today.

Cincinnati of Rhode Island.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to an act of the General Assembly of February 25, 1874, that the Annual Meeting of the Society of the Cincinnati of Rhode Island will be held at the Hotel of the Cincinnati, State House, Newport, R. I., on Wednesday, July 1st, 1908, at 10 o'clock a. m. Members of the Society of the Cincinnati in other States are invited to attend. All persons desiring to become members are requested to transmit their names immediately to the undersigned, at William Street, New York, GEORGE W. OLNEY, Secretary.

Sanitary Crystal Glass

Ice Cream Freezer

No cranks, gears or motion.

Saves labor and materials.

\$1.25.

Extremely profitable agency for pushing Business Men. Very small capital required. The Consolidated Mfg. Co.

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Are more urgently called for today than in any other line of work.

Young men and women, with brains, industry, character and a willingness to prepare themselves thoroughly, find ready openings for career in this independent, dignified, profitable, respectable, wide income and material comfort are the increasingly frequent prizes.

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE

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AGRICULTURE and MECHANIC

ARTS

Offers to you free preparation; scientific, practical, efficient, for such a career.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE

HOWARD EDWARDS, President, Kingston, R. I.

National Exchange Bank.

THE usual Semi-Annual Dividend, at rate of 5 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the stockholders of this Bank July 1st, 1908.

GEORGE B. PROUD, Cashier.

The Island Savings Bank.

THE usual Semi-Annual Dividend, at rate of 5 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the depositors on and after July 1st, 1908.

GEORGE B. PROUD, Treasurer.

YOU SHOULD

HEAR THE NEW

Edison Records

FOR JULY,

now being played in our

Edison Concert Room.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

NOTICE

To Automobilists.

NOTICE is hereby given that the State Board of Public Roads, by commencing Monday, June 29th, will receive applications from all persons who desire to obtain a license to operate a motor vehicle, on a week day with the exception of Saturday, when the hours will be from 10 a. m. to 12 m. o'clock noon, for the registration of automobiles, motor vehicles, and motor cycles and operators thereon.

For the present the Board will be in session on Mondays and Fridays from 10 a. m. to 12 m. o'clock noon.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.

50 STATE HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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Probate Court of the City of Newport, June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Jacob Dorsey.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Jacob Dorsey, late of said Newport, in the County of Providence, State of Rhode Island, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 15th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. BAZARD, Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Sarah M. Ward, the Administratrix on the estate of

HARRIET N. WARD,

widow, late of said Middletown, deceased, presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the 15th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Middletown, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Annie S. Dodge.

Request in writing is made by Frank E. Dodge, husband of the said Annie S. Dodge, of New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that the said Frank E. Dodge, of said New Shoreham, of some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the 15th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD H. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Charles C. Perry.

Request in writing is made by Frank E. Dodge, husband of the said Annie S. Dodge, of New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that the said Frank E. Dodge, of said New Shoreham, of some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and referred to the 15th day of July next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

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Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., June 15th, 1908.

Estate of Charles C. Perry.

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State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

OFFICE OF THE AUTOMOBILE DEPT. OF THE STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.

June 15, 1908.

NOTICE TO AUTOMOBILISTS

Inasmuch as the attention of the State Board of Public Roads has been called to the fact that a large number of persons are operating motor vehicles in Rhode Island without a license, notice is therefore hereby given that said Board will be in session at its office, State House, Thursday, June 25th, and Friday, June 26th, from 10.00 a. m. to 5.00 p. m.; Saturday, June 27th from 10.00 a. m. to 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of granting said licenses and for registering machines.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS.